The Centre of Vision

XMAS NUMBER

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS
OF MASSACHUSETTS NORMAL ART SCHOOL

1905

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A Prayer for Christmas

For Lonely Folks

Lord God of the solitary, look upon me in my loneliness.

Give me good work to do that I may forget myself and find peace in doing it for Thee. Though I am poor, send me to carry some gift to those who are poorer, some cheer to those who are lonelier, since they have not known the friendship of Jesus. Grant me the chance to do a kindness to one of His little ones, and light Thou my Christmas candle at the gladness of an innocent and grateful heart.

Strange is the path where Thou leadest me, but let me not doubt Thy wisdom, nor lose Thy hand to-day. Make me sure that the Eternal love is forever unveiled in Jesus, Thy dear Son, to save us from sin and solitude and death. Teach me that I am not alone, but many hearts, all round the world, join with me through the silence while I pray in His Name: "Our Father which art in Heaven."

— Henry van Dyke

Lake of Como

The decision was to be made at Milan, that is, in the minds of the doubtful, whether or no to take the extra time and visit the Lake of Como, when Lake Lucerne was to be visited so soon. In their minds was the impression that all lakes were strikingly similar. So but two of us took this golden opportunity to visit the most beautiful of lakes in Europe.

LAKE OF COMO

The commonplace landscape seen from the train, the railroad station a half-mile from the town, the barge such as is used in New England prepared us but slowly for the coming wonders. As in nearly all towns, the square or plaza gives the keynote to the whole village. Driving through narrow streets, we suddenly emerge upon a delightful little open space.

In front is a dark blue stretch of water, which is seen through the grey-green of the short, round trees on a snow-white plaza. On the other three sides are four-storied, white, flat-roofed buildings. Having left the luggage with a kindly official, we wandered through the streets of this old Roman town of Comum. Here was born the older and the younger Pliny, and the electrician, Volta.

Up the street, with its tile-roofed wide-eaved buildings of various heights, leading from the quay, we find the Town Hall, built in 1215. The square, flat-top tower with a belfry seems to be the characteristic architecture of the lake district, for we see it again and again in all its variations.

Adjoining is the Cathedral, begun in the Gothic style in 1396, and altered in the Renaissance style in 1486. It does not seem to be a part of the mountains, as does the Town Hall. For, built of marble, it contrasts strongly with the rough, natural-colored stones of the Town Hall, thus reminding one of the peasant and the noble. Rich with the works of Bramante, Luini, Guido-Reni, and Paul Veronese, which are pointed

Continued on page 59

Through the Kindness of Providence

The six o'clock suburban train was already fifteen minutes late. The restlessness of the crowd increased with each delaying moment. Virginia Thornton turned impatiently toward the station clock, and met the steady gaze of the deeply-set grey eyes of a man. He was leaning leisurely upon his golf sticks. His look of aroused interest changed to one of sudden embarrassment, and he flushed under the girl's cold glance.

"Train for Tarrytown and way stations," rang out the strident call of the brakeman.

The crowd surged forward through the half-open gate. The young man, Billy Boynton, wheeled hastily to grab his suit-case, and came in sudden contact with the girl whc had aroused in his dormant heart a keen interest.

"Pardon me," he said quickly, and stooped again, but the girl was before him, and his strong, firm hand closed over her slender fingers on the handle. She dropped it suddenly and straightened abruptly. Her dark eyes were wide with surprise, and the pink of her cheek deepened into the red flush of anger.

"Oh, have you intentions of carrying off my suit-case?" she asked haughtily, and he noticed even in his confusion that her voice was exquisitely clear and sweet.

"I was going to ask you the same question," he replied, laughter in his eyes.

"If you have no objection," with a slight elevation of her straight, dark brows, "I will take my suit-case to the train."

"Surely you have no objections to my taking mine?" he inquired politely.

"Certainly not," with icy sweetness. "Perhaps if you were to look behind you——" she suggested.

He stepped back quickly, and fairly sprawled over his own. A portly gentleman with an expansive waistcoat had hidden it wholly from view.

"Oh! I most humbly beg your pardon," he said to the attractive girl, but she was already boarding the train, and only the portly gentleman took it unto himself.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," he replied affably, with a smile as ex-

pansive as his waistcoat, and Billy, inwardly cursing portly old gentlemen in general, and his own special brand of idiocy, swung on to the rear car and slammed into the smoker. Station after station flashed by, Exmore, Hopedale, Overbrook. "Woodstock!" the conductor called. It was his station.

As he pushed his way through the crowd on the station platform, he stopped abruptly face to face with the girl. They were standing before the open door of a carriage. The coachman was patting the restive horses soothingly.

"Miss Arnold's carriage?" Billy asked rather sharply. He had disgraced himself utterly once, and did not wish a second experience.

"Yes, sir." The man touched his hat.

"Oh, are you quite sure?" a voice asked anxiously almost over his shoulder. As he turned, he encountered her bewildered face.

"I am to be a guest at Miss Arnold's," he began; "perhaps there is some mistake—you——"

"No, there is no mistake, for I'm expected there, too." Her voice was steady, and she was holding her flushed face high.

"I suppose," he said desperately, "you will have to endure me ten minutes longer." She made no reply, but swept silently past him into the carriage. He paused for a moment, and looked back over his shoulder. There was no other carriage left. It was inevitable. As he calmly followed her, there was a light in his eyes that belied the gravity of his mouth. The carriage seemed hot and stuffy. He stole a glance at her rigidly-set profile, then glared across at the offending suit-cases.

"My name is Boynton. Perhaps you already know me through my cousin, Miss Arnold." He paused, reddening, realizing that this was not exactly the right way to put it.

"This is really funny," he began again, and she detected a note of laughter in his voice that angered her.

"Funny!" she flashed; "I may lack a sense of humor, but I certainly fail to see the funny side."

"Well, it is funny," he insisted grimly.

"It's very ridiculous and embarrassing and mortifying to me."

There was a long, unbroken silence. The horses were pulling up sharply before a brilliantly-lighted doorway. Her face softened, and she turned toward him impulsively.

"Of course, I don't think you really desired to run off with my suit-

case, or take the same carriage. It was fate, I suppose, or coincidence, or——"

"Good, kind Providence," he finished, smiling. "It doesn't matter how, as long as I've met you."

She stiffened perceptibly.

"You are lingering dangerously near to the border of impertinence."

"It is a danger that is perilously sweet," he answered slowly.

"Certainly perilous," she nodded.

"And so sweet," he breathed.

"We hardly need to continue this conversation," she said with decision.

That silenced him for a while; he hunted in all the hidden recesses of his intellect for some new subject; none presented itself. The carriage had stopped. As he followed her up the broad steps, he tried desperately to think of some way to relieve the embarrassment of the situation. In the wide hall was the sound of merry laughter. In a moment they were in the midst.

"Virginia Thornton, here you are at last, you dear thing, I'm just so glad to see you." Helen Arnold did not pause for breath; with a flutter of silken skirts, she rushed forward. "And Billy, too, I'm so glad you could get away from the office. And wasn't it splendid you could come down together?"

"Splendid," he agreed fervently, and Edith wondered at his odd smile.

"But, Billy, I didn't know you knew each other. How did you meet her?"

"Through good, kind Providence," he answered gravely. His eyes wandered to Virginia's flushed face, as she talked animatedly to a group of fluffy girls.

Half an hour later, at dinner, Billy leaned forward impulsively. "Miss Thornton," he pleaded, "is not your punishment too severe?"

"My punishment! Whom am I punishing, please?"

"Me."

"And how?" she asked.

"Denying me the hope of ever hearing your voice again. Surely that gentleman on your left has had his share of your attention."

"But a girl does not give much of her attention to a man she has never met formally."

"Ah! but has not Mistress Providence accomplished that in her own way? Surely you are not heretic enough to disobey the will of the Fates."

"I am so much a heretic that I put the will of the Fates to scorn, and so loyal to Mrs. Grundy that I abide by her narrow, conventional law alone." He was suddenly aware that she had very white, small teeth, and the merriest laugh in the world. Then he was gazing at her mass of soft, dark hair, for she turned her head quickly, and resumed her political discussion in the most serious of tones with her much-envied left-hand neighbor.

"Then," he said very sternly, directing his conversation to a small, apparently heedless, pink ear, "I will go through whatever ordeal of formality you and Mrs. Grundy require. Mr. Bowles," he said, interrupting that worthy gentleman suddenly in the midst of his most heated argument, "Mr. Bowles, kindly present me, with all due and proper formality, to Miss Thornton."

Mr. Bowles turned his surprised, near-sighted eyes toward the purposeful, stern face. "Oh, certainly," he murmured vaguely. "Miss Thornton, Mr. Boynton."

"And now, Miss Thornton, your last objection is ruled out." His hand fell to his glass, and he pushed it slowly toward hers. "To good, kind Providence," he said deliberately. "And may she help me again before the year is out," he added, but he was careful that she should not hear.

She hesitated a moment, then, "Surely," she laughed, "for Providence is kind to all humanity," and she raised her glass to her lips. "I drink to all humanity," she said.

"And I to one," he replied.

* * * * * * *

It was a year later, on Christmas eve. The wood fire crackled cheerily on the broad hearth, and threw flickering shadows across the polished floor and into the dusky corners of the Thornton library.

It threw a rosy light over Virginia's soft, white dress, and into the almost sternly-cut face of Billy Boynton.

"Virginia," he said softly, a light breaking in his eyes which no one had ever seen there, "Providence has been kind—kinder than I deserve in this last great gift of you." Tenderly, almost sacredly, he took her hands in his and gazed down into the sweet depths of her dark eyes.

What's in a Name?

There's a good deal in M. N. A. S. names, if the register be viewed by one who can appreciate the sequence.

For instance, what a tragedy is expressed in the following succession: Hunt, Hohl, Underhay, Chase, Lynch, Spear, Killam, Cook. Baker, Savory, Eaton, Drinkwater, Moxcey, Lemon, Graves. So simple, yet so exciting. Such an appropriate ending! One cannot help but feel a deep sympathy for the unhappy victim of this adventure.

Observe this list of adjectives that might be applied to Mann: Goodman, Bachelder, Hardy, Limp, Looney, Noble, Sharpe, Swift, Omey. Mabie that isn't a list!

Take the colors of our Fancy London Winter Stiles. We can furnish Brown, Gray, Green, White, and also Whiting and Fillebrown. And this leads me to say that we have a Fox, a Lyon, and a Nute.

For occupations, there are pupils who exercise the Crafts of Potter, Taylor, Merchant, Sheppard, Marshall, Harper, and who also Weaver Webb.

Here are a few first names worn behind: Cate, Gracey, Lucey, Emily, Rose, Adams, Lewis, Austin, Edwards, Gilbert, Harvey, and Williams. Mercy! Do I Read a-Wright!

There are any number which I might add because of their oddity, but I do not wish to offend, and hope I have not done so. In architecture the names range between Temple and Barnes; in nationalities, French and English; in the manufacture of ideas, Hatch, Patch, and Mendum. I guess you'll have to let me off with that.

Uncle Martin.

Question Box

[Questions of general interest to the readers of the CENTRE OF VISION will be answered in this column. Questions should be left in the C. V. box, or mailed to Editor of the Question Box, Normal Art School.]

There have not been so many questions submitted this month as were expected. This column is an experiment, and if not made useful, will be dropped. Hand questions to F. M. Gracey in the office, or drop them in the C. V. box.

Q.—What company would you recommend from whom to buy art goods to the best advantage?

A.—This being a state school, we cannot show favoritism by recommending one firm more than another. It is for this reason that no one is allowed to sell, or act as an agent, in the school. You can readily see how such action, even on the part of a pupil, would compromise such an institution. Any of the firms which advertise in this paper will treat you very fairly.

Q.—I understand that pupils are not permitted to be called to the school telephone. In what way could a message be sent to a pupil?

A.—Any important message can be sent by telegraph messenger, or a message would be delivered from Pay Station, B. B., 22795.

Q.—In case of fire, what is the signal, and what other means of exit are there besides the Exeter-street door and the fire escape?

A.—Three strokes on the gong, repeated several times, is the fire signal. In such case exit will be afforded by the Exeter-street door, the Newbury-street door, the door opening on the Newbury-street alley, and by the fire escape to the public alley.

Lake of Como

Continued from page 53.

out to the traveler by an attendant, who lights up the pictures by means of an electric light on the end of a long pole, it is considered one of the best cathedrals in Northern Italy.

Walking through the back streets, which are paved with cobblestones, with long flagstones for the wheels to run on, we see the market, where the live fowl are kept, and which would not exactly charm the eye of the neat New England housewife.

We again emerge into the plaza, and, selecting a table for two under the arcade and protected by an awning, we order a light noonday lunch.

What a contrast with our high-sided boats are the low, narrow ones of Lake Como. The one we were to take lay at a little quay which was almost a part of the plaza. How this approach to a town of 11,000 inhabitants would appeal to the eye of a village improvement society! Around us is an amphi-theatre of mountains, and the secret passage up the lake is not to be seen as yet, for we know that the lake is thirty miles long. But soon we are under way, and the paddle wheels are making the water white far astern.

(To be continued.)

Annie Friend Rogers, Editor

To the Supreme Being

(From the Italian of Michael Angelo)

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may;
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it. Father! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti (1475-1564), born at Castel' Caprese, near Arezzo, in Tuscany, is distinguished as a poet, as well as sculptor, painter, architect, and engineer. The above poem, "To the Supreme Being," is a translation from his works by Wordsworth.

Several objects and paintings have been newly installed in the Museum of Fine Arts. Theodore M. Davis has loaned three wooden "ushabti" figures from the tomb of Ua and Tua, the father and mother

of Queen Tu, which he discovered in the Valley of the Kings last spring. An illustrated account of the discovery of the tomb and the rich store of beautiful objects which it contained will be found in the Century Magazine for November. Although the authorities offered him his choice of the treasures of the tomb, Mr. Davis thought it better, on account of the unique character of the discovery, that they should all be kept together in the Museum of Cairo; and consequently these three little figures, which he accepted as a keepsake, are the only fruits of this excavation which have been taken away from Egypt. They are, however, sufficient to give an impression both of the exquisiteness of the art that was represented in the tomb and the remarkable preservation of its contents. The date of this tomb would be about 1400 B. C. Hence these statuettes are not far from 3,300 years old, a fact which seems hardly credible when one observes the fresh color of the natural wood and the pigments upon it.

Rembrandt's painting of a "Sibyl," from the Theodore M. Davis collection, is on view in the first gallery of the Museum, also "A Portrait of a Man," by W. Van Valckert. The latter is loaned by an anonymous owner. Van Valckert was born in Amsterdam about 1580, and was a pupil of Hendrik Goltzius. There are several paintings by him in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam, including some large corporation groups. He was also known as an etcher of merit.

In the fifth gallery of the Museum can be seen "Arabs Resting," by Fromentin; "Man with Wheelbarrow," by Millet; "Landscape with Cattle and Sheep," by Troyon; "Landscape," by Corot, all loaned by the Misses Morrill.

At the western end of the Japanese corridor in the Museum, a series of color prints, representing actors, the work of Katsukawa Shunsho, an eminent artist of the Ukiyoye School, is now on exhibition.

In sympathy with an exhibition of works by William Morris Hunt, opened recently in the Milton Town Hall, a few drawings and impressions by the artist have been gathered together in the Third Print Room, where they are shown near "The Prodigal Son," "The Hurdy-Gurdy Boy," "The Girl at the Fountain," and two large charcoal portraits by the artist. Besides those belonging to the Museum, a few have been lent by Miss Helen M. Knowlton. The work is chiefly in charcoal, a medium which Hunt employed in common with the French artists of the middle quarters of last century, and which served admirably to record the

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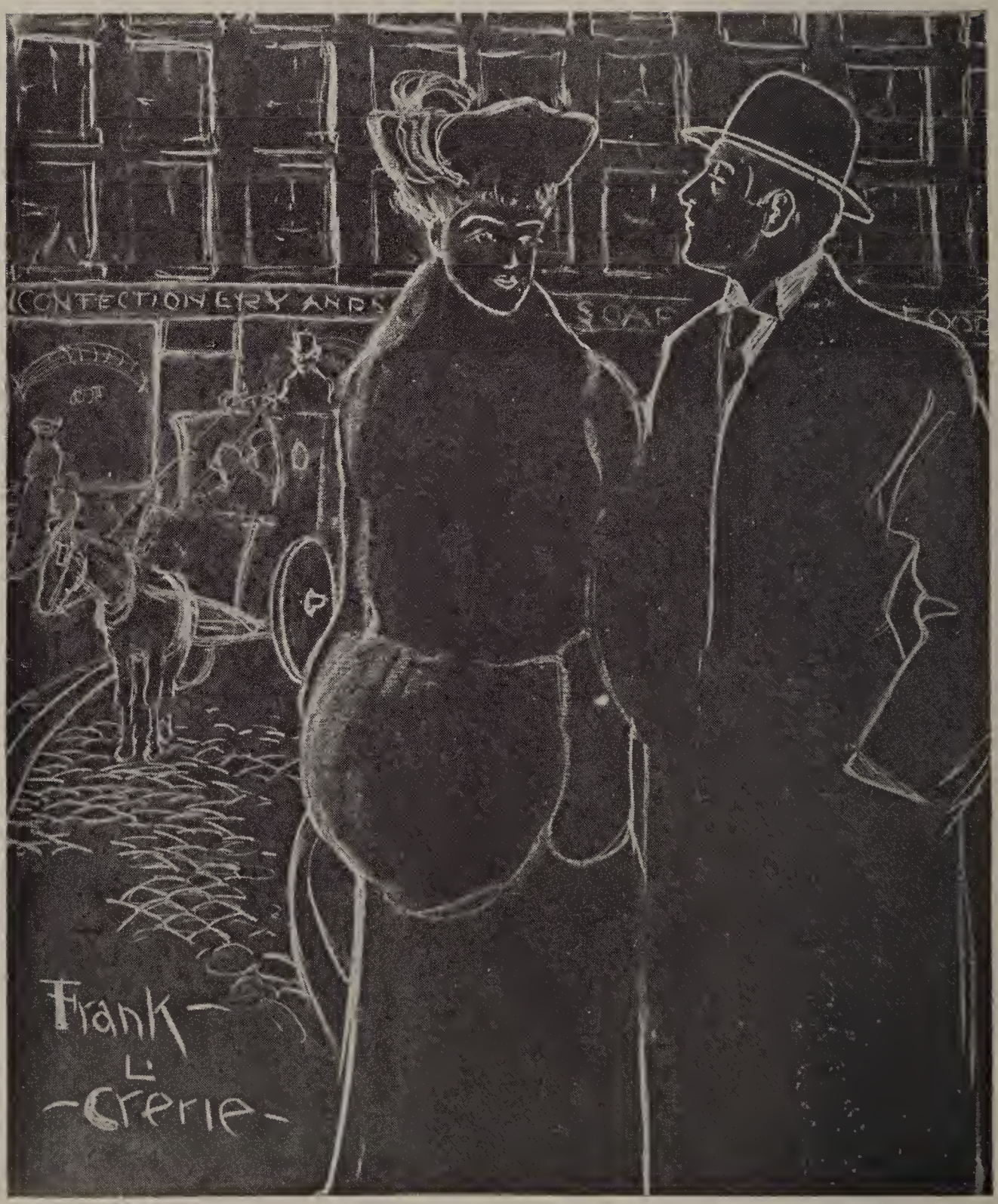

BLACKBOARD DRAWING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL CLASS

Editorials

To how many of us comes the thought that Christmas is the time of all the year when we should strive to give joy to others? For once let us put aside the cares of the world, give up all thought of ourselves, and make the day merry and happy for some one else. And, more especially, let us make merry with the children, for of all days in the year, that is the one to which they look forward with the keenest anticipation. What wonderful things are conjured up in their young minds; how mysterious every one is when the postman calls at the house, when closets are opened, or when some one comes in loaded with bundles and with pockets bulging in curious shapes! How they bubble over with excitement when the expressman calls with a great big something, all done up with heavy paper and string. Recall to mind just how you felt when you were young, and then ask yourself if being young with the children isn't one of the most blessed ways of enjoying life. After all, is not each one of us the child of a just and loving Father, who, through love for us, teaches us to "love our neighbor as ourselves"? And when we ask, "Who is the greatest in all God's kingdom?" the answer is the same today as it was nearly 2,000 years ago, when our Saviour pointed to the little child and "set him in the midst of them." The answer was accepted then as now, for the child was cheerful and happy "because he was alive, because he had something to love, and because God was his Father." And so Christmas is the day sacredly set apart for the child.

The President's annual message, while dealing largely with questions pertaining more directly to the government and its welfare, is noticeably one of peace among ourselves and with all the world. "Our aim is righteousness," he writes, and "Peace is normally the handmaiden of righteousness." And as the Christmastide approaches, what is more fitting than that we should strive for "Peace on earth and good will toward men"?

Beginning with January, 1906, there will be a change in the cover. Instead of an entirely new cover design each month, we have decided to have a standard arrangement such as is used by almost all magazines. The words "Centre of Vision" and "Published by the Students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School" are to be used and well

spaced above and below the middle of the page, the space between to be used each month for a different design. There will be a general competition for this standard arrangement, a prize of $2 being offered. All designs must be handed in before January 6, 1906. For further particulars, see any of the staff.

We wish you all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year." So far we have heard but very few adverse criticisms on our paper, and well may we rejoice over its prosperous welfare. We hope to better it with one or two changes next month, and seek your hearty approval.

This month's cover design was won by Charles Knapp, of the Design Class. The second best, and one which deserves honorable mention, was by Miss Evans, '08. We hope to see more of her work.

The supervisors of this state held an institute in the lecture hall last Friday. An account of the meeting will be given in our next issue.

Art News

Continued from page 61

powerful convictions and suggestive flashes of this rapid creator. In the drawing entitled "Women Washing by the River," the surface of the water is softly illuminated by the sky seen in the late afternoon from behind some old monastic buildings. The "Study of Drapery," with its vigorous handling, suggests the artist's love of bold planes, with definite accents of light. The gradation of tone and successful treatment of light and shade produce in "The Quarry" a convincing sense of atmosphere. Alike in dealing with completed ideas such as these, and when recording the passing suggestions of a moment, as in the "Study of Clouds" (which notes the sharp contrast in tone between the sky and clouds on a stormy day), and in the vivid memorandum of a "Horseman in Mexico" and in the "Harbor View," the artist impresses us with his effectiveness and his skilful adaptation of material to subject. Two sketches are also shown where a combination of charcoal and water-color serve to express the sentiment of color and distance in landscape.

Hiroshi Yoshida, who recently held an exhibition at Doll and Richards' Gallery, was awarded the first prize at the exhibition of the Washington Water-Color Club.

Class Notes

'06

Isabel Harrington Rita B. Grant

The Design Class had the pleasure of visiting Paine's furniture store and also Mr. George's studio this month. If we could make as good use of our time as he has done during the past summer, we would feel ourselves fortunate. His work was most interesting, and all enjoyed the visit.

Both the Design and Public School Classes had the pleasure of drawing turkeys after Thanksgiving. Ask Frank Marshall to show you his prize for making a good one.

Johnny! Get the mop!

The Freshman Reception was a grand success, and we trust all had an enjoyable time.

Who saw the Red Poppy at the dance?

We were glad to see Mrs. Wells, and to find that she "couldn't resist the temptation" to come.

Oh, the trials of painting brass in water-color!

News is scarce in the region of the Portrait Class, for we have been busy. To prove this statement, the studio was treated to a nice box of candy, as the result of a proposition that the first person who talked during the pose should stand treat. Ask Miss Blair about chocolates.

A pretty Japanese tea was enjoyed by some of the members of the Senior Class before the Thanksgiving recess.

Mr. Baker must have risked his health in preparing dance orders, as he was known to have quite a serious cold before the evening. He is now the money-man.

Ask Mr. Tyng about his first experience in roller-skating.

What fun it is preparing for a dance! Carrying sofa pillows and brass through the streets around Copley square makes quite a bit of excitement. The dance committee extends a vote of grateful thanks to Miss Quimby for those good apples.

We have quite a zoo in the Portrait Class. Lions and bears reign supreme at certain times.

'07

Louise M. Webb Mr. Fox

Just think! This is our third year in this school! What have we accomplished? What opportunities have we let go without taking honest advantage of them? If we had our school years to live over again, oh, would we not work hard and 'tend to business? Remember when we were in the Freshman class, and were warned repeatedly by our instructors that we would come to grief if we did not "buckle down to work." However, we have a chance yet. Let us make the best of it, and remember that we are preparing for a lifework,—one upon which we must depend for our bread and butter.

Apple pie and no cheese?

Philip is still on the wing.

S—l—s says he is still working on Victory, and has just got down to defeat (de feet).

The concerts will be continued through the rest of the year. Season tickets may be obtained in the vestibule. This week, "Romeo and Juliet."

Oh, Ginger!

'08

Annette Washburn Mr. Booth

Mr. Hamilton's studio combines business with pleasure (?). This studio is to be congratulated on its still-life groups.

Mr. Munsell's students have been brought to life—the envy of all other entering Class B students.

"Oh, give me a blotter, some one, quick!"

" I'll work, but my pen won't."

We are glad to have Peggy back again.

Hysterical palette—wanted, a doctor.

Advance agent of Rogers Brothers—song and dance.

Positively the last appearance of Mme. O'Keefski in repertoire at Major's.

Through some mistake the name of Mr. Johnson, who was elected vice-president of '08, was omitted last month.

The first division in modeling was very sorry when their eight

weeks ended. The work was very interesting and was enjoyed by all, the time passing all too quickly.

"Miss Browne, your shoes squeak!"

We were all very sorry to learn that Miss Nellie Brown has left school. We hope that she misses us as much as we miss her, and will soon return to us again.

"Hi, 'Stub,' I got yer!"

What is the attraction in the Casting Room? Ask "Fido."

"Halloo, there goes 'Flora' and 'The Girl in Red.'"

What was the matter with "Buster" the day of the feast? Moral—Don't be a pig.

If you want to know how to play post-office just ask Miss K-t-e-i-e B-r-w-n-e. Full illustrations go with explanation. She can be found in Mr. Jepson's studio.

"Got anything to eat, 'Fido'"?

'09

Lillian Holden Mr. Oliver

The smiling faces of Tommy and Sammy were sadly missed from Mr. Cross's studio.

Three weeks ago a meeting was held by the Freshman class at which the following officers were elected: President, Harry W. Jacobs; vice-president, Miss Whitaker; secretary, Miss Calef; treasurer, Miss Nute; editors, Miss Holden and Mr. Oliver. It was voted to retain the old school pin but change the numerals.

Our "Christmas" Carroll has left us.

At the last meeting of the class it was voted to extend a hearty vote of thanks to the Senior class for the very enjoyable reception and dance given Thursday evening, December 7.

Tin pails are not usually considered a badge of honor, but such they are for the members of Class A, who have graduated from charcoal for the present and are taking up water color.

One of the Sophomores informs us that the Freshman class is noted for its sweet maidens. Perhaps that is the reason pickles were circulating so freely around one of the studios the other day.

"The Naughty Nines" makes a delightfully alliterative title, but Class A is denied the use of it if Mr. Bartlett spoke truly when he sang its praises as the "model class in deportment."

Helen Morton, Editor

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

The exchanges received from time to time are kept on file, and may be seen by applying to Mr. Brigham, Class C. Many interesting articles are found in these papers, and we advise all our fellow-students to look them over at odd moments and learn what other schools are doing.

The Stator has a variety of readable matter this month. "An Unlikely Story" is particularly interesting.

Congratulations, Enterprise! Your November number is very clever. We are glad to find that you have an appreciative sense of art. The article, "Diana of the Chase," is most intelligently written.

The Lawrence Bulletin also has an art department, giving the notes of interest concerning their art club. The essay on Shakespeare in the October number is excellently written and well worth reading.

The arrangement and style of printing in the Calendar is very commendable. The good cuts and wide margins are not only attractive, but artistic features of this paper. "An Emblem of American Autumn" is told in a very simple, original manner. A good addition would be an exchange column.

The October number of Pennington Seminary Review is almost wholly given to four class toasts, which are most amusing. If each class is as perfect as it is portrayed, what a model school the seminary must be! The editorials are good inasmuch as they seem to have a definite mission to fulfil.

Student Life is a little different from most of our exchanges. The whole paper has a most serious air, owing to the fact that the different departments are not kept distinct enough. Nevertheless there is some excellent reading matter. "The Old Missions of Southern California"

Continued on page 70

The Artistic Temperament

I am as one who walks apart,
  Immune from minor cares.
I pray before the altar, Art—
  And copy off my prayers.
It is my privilege to frown;
  And, if I do not choose,
I do not pin my shirtwaist down;
  I do not tie my shoes.
My soul would soar, and why should I
  Keep its proud pinions pent?
Ye grovelers, make way for my
  Artistic temperament!

I suffer from a twisted phrase;
  A split infinitive
Will make me wonder many days
  How in this world I live.
My feelings come so thick and fast,
  'Tis strange I do not smother;
No sooner one emotion past,
  I straightway have another.
I sit and gaze into the sky,
  Exquisitely content;
Step softly, lest you joggle my
  Artistic temperament.

The relativity of things
  Receives my close attention.
My soul has found its eager wings,
  And daily makes ascension.
Reposing here on Nature's breast,
  As one who "also serves,"
I do not think of money, lest
  It grate upon my nerves.
I cannot figure all that I
  Have borrowed and have spent.
Such mundane thoughts would damage my
  Artistic temperament.

I am as one who stands within
  The holy place of holies:
And no man else may venture in
  Who can't tell what his soul is!

I think in sonnets, symphonies;
And I am one who hears
The conversation of the seas,
The murmur of the spheres.
And when my Pegasus I fly,
I am so eloquent,
I am amazed myself at my
Artistic temperament! —Ethel M. Kelley.

Exchange

Continued from page 68

is well written. The author has shown considerable care in the collection of his material, and has given us a detailed account.

"A Geometric Dream," in the Cambridge Review, has an original plot, but is not carried out to the best advantage. It starts out in a pleasing way, and we find ourselves deeply interested, when suddenly we come to a string of initials, with class numerals added, and we know that must be the end. It seems as though a paper which has twenty-seven editors might be raised a little more above the ordinary.

A few cuts would greatly improve the Boston University Beacon.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Coppers. the billionaire of Butte, was in Rome, buying statuary for his new Fifth-avenue palace.

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"Sure?" replied the dealer. "I'll prove it to you." And he shouted in a loud voice: "Mike!"

A workman, coming from the studio in the rear, saluted respectfully.

"Mike, who carved this antique?"

"Me, sir, M. Angelo, sir," the workman answered.

Coppers, convinced at last, drew out his checkbook.—From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Generally speaking, women are——"

"Yes, they are."

"What?"

"Generally speaking."—Ex.

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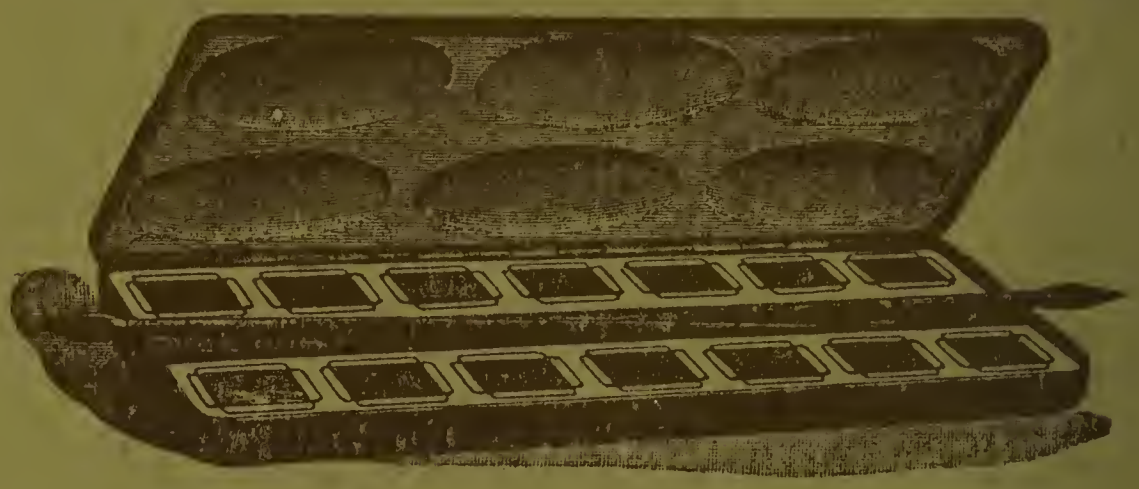

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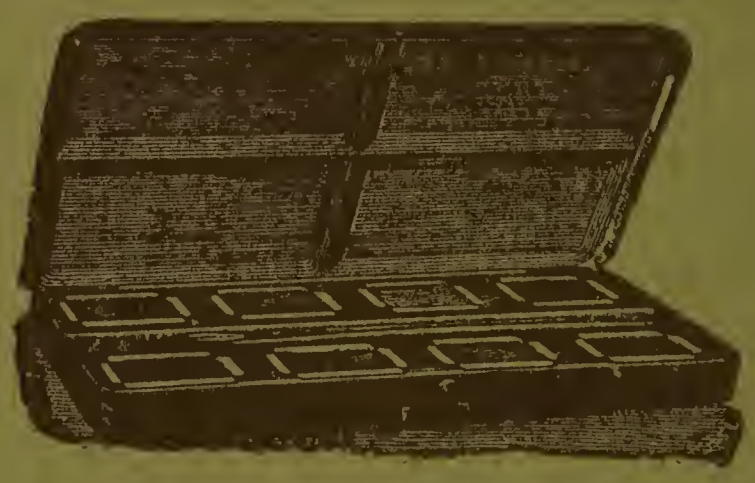

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